ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter Hoſt.*

Hoſ. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you t
I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enqui
haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſe
the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie *Hoſteſſe*, *Bardol* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a
and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are
man, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal
mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know
Sir Iohn, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a
rell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to
backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away
kers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now at I am a true Woman, Holland of viij.s. a
you owe money heere beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, an
drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you
let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, Ile ne
a denyer: what, will you make a younker of mee? ſhall
take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pi
haue loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty
Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know no
oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a lacke, a ſneak-cup: Zbloud a
were here, would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſa

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meetes him playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith;
Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare mee.